HORIZON ISLANDS · TANOA ARCHIPELAGO VOL. I

A CAMPAIGN SOURCEBOOK

Tanoa: The Horizon War

A campaign setting for the Antistasi Ultimate Arma 3 mod, set across the Tanoa archipelago — five islands, four armed factions, and a war that stopped moving in 2015.

FACTION EMBLEMS

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PART ONE

Origins

Geography, colonial residue, and the slow arrival of a foreign flag on Tuvanaka.

1. The Horizon Islands

GEOGRAPHY & HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

FIG. 1.1 — The Tanoa archipelago. Steel-blue tint: TAF-administered zones. Olive tint: FIM-contested Moddergat. Balavu and Katkoula remain unaligned.

Aerial photo — Tanoa coastline and interior jungle

or browse files

The Tanoa archipelago sits at the edge of most maps that bother to include it — five volcanic islands strung loosely across a warm equatorial sea, ringed by reef and mangrove, connected to the wider world by a single deepwater port and a colonial-era shipping lane that outlived the empire that cut it. Tanoa itself, the largest island, holds the seat of government at Georgetown, a town of French administrative bones and a Dutch trading quarter, itself a relic of the archipelago's long habit of being claimed by whoever last had a navy nearby.

Colonial withdrawal in the mid-twentieth century left the islands administratively intact but economically thin: a plantation economy, a fishing fleet, and a road network built to move copra to the coast rather than to connect towns to one another. Tuvanaka, smallest and furthest northwest, was always the least reachable — two towns, Tuvanaka Town and Belfort, separated from the mainland by open water and, for most of the twentieth century, simple neglect. Moddergat, in the archipelago's southeast, grew around the fishing town of Lijnhaven and stayed largely outside the interests of the capital. Balavu and Katkoula, further southwest, remained agricultural, sparsely governed, and — to the present day — unclaimed by any of the war's four factions.

What holds the islands together, and eventually pulled them apart, was never ideology. It was infrastructure — a handful of ports, a radio tower network, and later, a set of fuel depots that a foreign partner found useful. The war that would eventually be dated to 2015 has roots that are, on the record, almost entirely logistical.

2. The Eastern Turn

2008–2013

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TIMELINE — THE EASTERN TURN
2008 — Logistics-basing memorandum signed at Georgetown; scope limited to port and fuel access.
2009 — First foreign engineer detachment arrives to survey Tuvanaka Radio Tower site.
2011 — Fuel depot construction begins on Tuvanaka's eastern shore.
2012 — Memorandum quietly expanded to include "security liaison" personnel.
2013 — First fixed checkpoint erected outside Tuvanaka Town.
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In 2008 the Tanoa Armed Forces, on behalf of the national government, signed what internal cables of the period describe as a routine logistics-basing memorandum with a foreign partner state — fuel storage, deepwater port access, and a small liaison detachment, ostensibly to service a regional shipping corridor. Nothing in the public record from that year suggests anyone involved anticipated where it would lead. The agreement was renewed twice without amendment before its scope began, gradually and by increment, to change.

The expansion followed a familiar shape: engineers before soldiers, soldiers before checkpoints. A radio relay project on Tuvanaka, framed publicly as a fisheries-safety initiative, brought the first sustained foreign presence to the island's interior. By 2011, construction crews working the fuel depot on Tuvanaka's eastern shore were operating under an armed "security liaison" contingent whose numbers were never made public. Local council minutes from Belfort, recovered after the war began, record repeated requests for a construction timeline that were never answered.

By 2013 the liaison detachment had become a fixture rather than a visit. A single checkpoint outside Tuvanaka Town — initially described as temporary, tied to depot construction — remained standing well past the depot's completion. Nothing was declared. Nothing was reversed.

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SIGNALS INTERCEPT                                LOG 04-119 · UNVERIFIED
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------
[0231] LIAISON-2: "...survey team's asking about the second access road again. Tell them it's not on the schedule."
[0233] GARRISON-1: "Copy. They keep asking why the fence line moved past the marker again."
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[0234] LIAISON-2: "Because the marker was in the wrong place.
That's the answer. Give them that answer."
[0236] GARRISON-1: "Understood. Cooperative rep is here again
about the landing points."
[0237] LIAISON-2: "Same answer as last time. No comment on scope."

— transcript ends. Provenance disputed; released by a former TAF signals
clerk, 2019.
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3. The Reservation of Tuvanaka

2013–2014

The single checkpoint of 2013 was, within a year, four checkpoints, a curfew ordinance covering both Tuvanaka towns, and a permit system governing inter-town travel that residents describe, uniformly, as arbitrary in enforcement. TAF garrison commanders on the island rotated every four to six months, a policy that avoided any officer having to answer, in person, for a decision made by his predecessor.

Belfort's fishing cooperative — the island's largest employer outside the depot itself — lost access to two of its three traditional landing points to "security exclusion zones" in the same period, a decision the TAF garrison justified on the grounds of depot perimeter security, though the excluded coastline lay nearly four kilometers from the depot fence line. Cooperative records show catch volumes falling by more than a third between 2013 and 2015; unemployed boat crews became, within two years, the core recruiting pool for what would become the Tuvanaka Liberation Army.

A petition campaign, organized initially around fishing rights and travel permits rather than sovereignty, circulated through both towns in early 2014 and collected, by its organizers' own count, over six thousand signatures — a number disputed by the garrison, which reported closer to two thousand and characterized the remainder as duplicated or coerced. The petition was never formally answered. Its organizing committee would, within eighteen months, become the founding cadre of an armed movement.

TAF INTERNAL MEMORANDUM — RESTRICTED

DECLASSIFIED

TO: Garrison Command, Tuvanaka Sector
RE: Cooperative petition, landing point access

Recommend no written response be issued. A formal reply creates a record obligating [redacted] to answer the same question again in writing, which is the outcome this office wishes to avoid. Continue current exclusion posture. Signature count is [redacted] — do not confirm or deny publicly.

[Remainder of document redacted prior to public release.]

PART TWO

The Break

One raid, one declaration, and one accident — three events, six weeks apart, that ended the peace on two fronts at once.

4. Lakatoro

AUGUST 2015

Lakatoro is not, and never was, a town of any size — a cluster of perhaps forty households on Tanoa's inland road network, four kilometers from the nearest paved junction, with no strategic value the TAF garrison command has ever been able to articulate on the record. It is, nonetheless, the place the war is dated from.

On the night of 14 August 2015, a TAF detachment conducted what the after-action report calls a "precision interdiction" against a suspected weapons-transit cache in Lakatoro, acting on signals intelligence that has never been made public and that TAF command, to this day, declines to characterize as reliable or unreliable. The raid lasted under twenty minutes. Three structures burned, including the village's only grain store. No weapons cache was recovered.

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DISPUTED CASUALTY ACCOUNTS
TAF official statement (15 Aug 2015): "Two combatants killed, no civilian casualties."
Eyewitness accounts (collected 2016–2018): between six and eleven dead, including at least three children.
Independent inquest (2019, inconclusive): unable to confirm a figure "in either direction" — records and remains incomplete.
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What is not disputed is what happened next. Footage of the burned grain store, shot on a resident's phone and circulated across the archipelago within days, became the single most consequential piece of media of the pre-war period. Within three weeks, armed resistance cells had formed in villages that had no prior history of organized opposition to the garrison. Lakatoro itself was evacuated within the month and has not been meaningfully resettled since.

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD 16 AUGUST 2015 · WIRE REPORT

Grain Store Burns in Lakatoro Raid; Toll Disputed

A Tanoa Armed Forces detachment carried out a nighttime raid on the inland settlement of Lakatoro Friday, targeting what a TAF spokesperson described as a "confirmed weapons-transit cache." The operation, conducted under cover of darkness, destroyed at least three structures, including the village's communal grain store. TAF command's official statement Saturday morning reported two combatants killed and no civilian casualties. Residents reached by telephone in the raid's aftermath gave a starkly different account, describing a heavier toll and disputing that any weapons were ever found on the property. No independent journalists have yet reached Lakatoro, which lies outside the paved road network. TAF's press office did not respond to follow-up questions by the time of this printing. This is a developing story.

REPRODUCED FROM A SURVIVING ARCHIVE COPY — THE LAST EDITION TO RUN THIS STORY BEFORE WARTIME PRESS RESTRICTIONS TOOK EFFECT.

5. The Declaration of Tuvanaka

SEPTEMBER 2015

The petition committee formed in Belfort in 2014 had, by September 2015, become something else entirely. On the twenty-third of that month, from the steps of the Belfort town hall, its former chair read a declaration of independence for Tuvanaka — the first time in the archipelago's post-colonial history that any of its constituent islands had formally attempted secession.

The declaration named the new Tuvanaka Liberation Army as the island's defense force — at the time fewer than two hundred armed personnel, equipped almost entirely with hunting rifles, cooperative-owned boats, and a small quantity of small arms of contested origin, a supply question that would come to define the TLA's relationship with the Reef Group over the following years. TAF command's initial response, delivered within

seventy-two hours, described the declaration as "an internal administrative matter" — a characterization it would maintain, formally, for the following six years even as the island slipped entirely outside its control.

By October, TAF forces had withdrawn from both Tuvanaka towns to a single containment line south of Tuvanaka Town, a line that — with minor adjustments — has not moved since.

FREE TUVANAKA

CIRCULATED LEAFLET — BELFORT & ENVIRONS, OCT 1915

"They fenced our water and called it security. We asked for it back in writing and they gave us silence. We do not ask twice."

— Tuvanaka Liberation Committee, Belfort

6. Harcourt Bridge

DECEMBER 2015

The second front opened by accident. On 3 December 2015, a TAF armor column redeploying from the mainland toward the new Tuvanaka containment line took what its own movement order describes as an unauthorized shortcut across Harcourt bridge, on the outskirts of Lijnhaven — a route selected by a junior logistics officer to save four hours, and never cleared with the Moddergat civil authority.

A checkpoint dispute at the bridge's southern approach, compounded by a language barrier between the column's officer and the local constable on duty, escalated within minutes into gunfire. No party to the incident intended it, and no party has ever taken responsibility for it — TAF command's inquiry blamed "local provocation," while Moddergat civilian accounts blame the column's refusal to identify itself. Four people died at the bridge that afternoon, none of them combatants in any organized sense.

Within a week, armed cells calling themselves the Free Islands Militia had formed across rural Moddergat — a movement with no connection to Tuvanaka's independence campaign and no coordinated relationship with the TLA, but a second active front against TAF forces nonetheless. The war that had begun over a village that did not matter, on an island four hundred kilometers away, now had a second island and a second army it had never planned for.

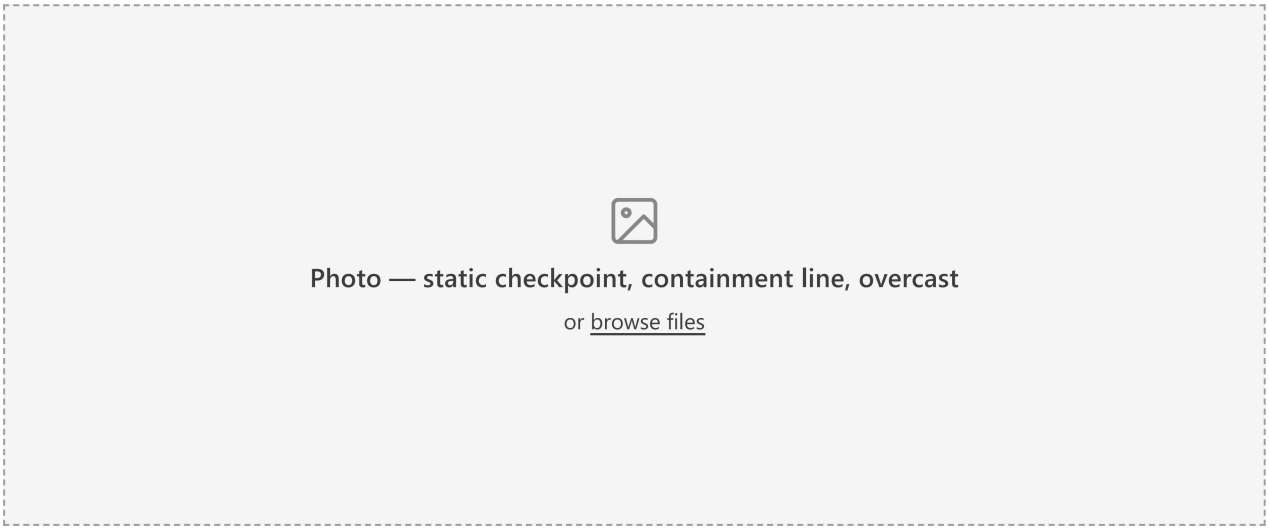
PART THREE

The Long War

Six years, three fronts, no advance worth the name. The frozen middle of the Horizon War.

7. Three Islands, No Peace

2016–PRESENT



Six years on from Harcourt bridge, the Horizon War has settled into a geometry rather than a campaign. TAF holds Tanoa's population centers and the Tuvanaka containment line; the TLA holds Tuvanaka behind it; the FIM holds the rural interior of Moddergat while TAF garrisons Lijnhaven's port and administrative quarter. None of the three has mounted an offensive capable of changing that map since 2017.

The stalemate is, by most operational assessments, structural rather than tactical. TAF lacks the political appetite for a costly reconquest of an island whose only strategic asset — the fuel depot — has itself become a permanent liability rather than a benefit. The TLA lacks the numbers or the matériel to expand past its containment line. The FIM, by design and preference, has never sought to hold ground beyond denying it to TAF. Six years of contact along fixed lines has produced a war whose casualty rate is dominated not by battle but by mines, ambushes on supply roads, and disease in the more isolated militia camps.

Into this stalemate has stepped a fourth actor with no interest in resolving it. The Reef Group, discussed in Chapter 9, has emerged as the archipelago's principal arms supplier to all three combatants — a role that gives it every incentive to see the war continue exactly as it is.

8. The Free Islands Militia

FACTION DEEP DIVE — MODDERGAT

Unlike the TLA, the Free Islands Militia has no founding document, no single commander, and — by most credible assessments — no interest in acquiring either. It formed in the week after Harcourt bridge as a set of independent village cells, and six years later it remains exactly that: a federation of perhaps two dozen semi-autonomous units, coordinating loosely through a rotating council of cell representatives that meets, when it meets at all, at locations disclosed only hours in advance.

This structure has made the FIM nearly impossible to decapitate — TAF intelligence assessments from 2018 onward openly concede there is no leadership tier left to target — but it has also made the movement incapable of sustained offensive coordination. FIM doctrine, to the extent the word applies, favors ambush, sabotage of supply roads, and the harboring of displaced civilians from Lakatoro and elsewhere, over any attempt to hold fixed terrain.

The FIM is, of the war's three combatant factions, the only one whose fighters are drawn almost entirely from the territory they operate in. Recruitment has never required an ideological test beyond a willingness to fight for the interior; cells are known to include former TAF conscripts, TLA sympathizers with no formal affiliation, and civilians with no history of political engagement before 2015.

CAMPAIGN NOTE — WHERE THIS BOOK ENDS AND A WAR BEGINS
FOR ANTISTASI ULTIMATE PLAYERS

The Cell at Verhaven

Everything above describes the Free Islands Militia at six years' strength — a federation with training, tunnels, and caches built up over time. It is worth remembering that every one of those two dozen cells started as this one did. Petros Kalanis organized eleven fighters around the hamlet of Verhaven in early 2019, drawn from three families and whatever rifles a deserted TAF supply run had left behind. By FIM standards it was an unremarkable cell — smaller than most, no different in kind from dozens of others scattered across the interior.

That changed six weeks before this volume went to print. A TAF sweep found the Verhaven cache. Petros was taken alive, according to the one fighter who evaded the perimeter; the Provost Marshal's office has neither confirmed his capture nor released a status. The cell's weapons, its radio, and its stores went with the raid. What is left at Verhaven today is four fighters, a single hunting rifle, and no plan beyond staying uncaught.

It is this cell, not the six-years-strong federation described above it, that a new arrival to Moddergat's interior actually finds first. The rest of this chapter is history. Verhaven is where it starts over.

Petros surfaced again eleven days after the raid — thinner, missing a boot, and giving orders again over a borrowed radio under the call sign **Anvil**. Nobody in the cell has asked how he got out, and he has not offered to explain. What matters operationally is that he is the one who now decides which caches get rebuilt first, which villages get warned before a TAF sweep, and who gets sent where. New arrivals to Verhaven answer to him within a day of showing up, whether they meant to or not.

HANDWRITTEN — RECOVERED

Fourth night since Verhaven. Four of us left, one rifle between us that fires reliably. Anvil says wait, so we wait. He says the garrison won't sweep the same ground twice in a month, and he's usually right about things like that — he was right about the supply road, right about which house had the informer in it, though I still don't know how he knew either one.

He doesn't talk about what happened to him at the depot. He talks about what's next. I've stopped asking which one costs him more.

— unsigned notebook page, found near Verhaven cache site. Author unidentified.

WANTED

Photo — Petros Kalanis

or browse files

PETROS KALANIS

ORGANIZER, VERHAVEN CELL

ARMED & CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

LAST SEEN: MODDERGAT INTERIOR

TAF PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE — CIRCULATED, STATUS UNCONFIRMED

OPS SKETCH — VERHAVEN SECTOR HAND-ANNOTATED, UNDATED

hand-drawn terrain sketch — cache site, two approach roads, one marked "washed out — do not use"

Cache: relocated 40m north of old marker.
Approach A: quiet, slow, mined 200m past the fork.
Approach B: fast, loud, garrison patrol route — avoid until confirmed clear.
Fallback: creek line, low water only.

— margin note, unsigned: "A. says trust the creek before the road. He's been right so far."

9. The Reef Group

FACTION DEEP DIVE — DISTRIBUTED NETWORK

Photo — cargo boat, night, coastal smuggling scene

UNCLASSIFIED — PUBLIC HISTORICAL RELEASE

or browse files

No intelligence service operating in the archipelago — TAF's included — has produced a confirmed organizational chart for the Reef Group, and several credible assessments conclude that no such chart exists to be produced. What is documented is a pattern: coastal transfer points, unmarked vessels operating between Balavu, Katkoula, and open water, and cargo that arrives without paperwork and moves quickly.

The Reef Group supplies matériel to all three combatant factions without apparent preference, a practice that has led some analysts to describe it less as an armed faction than as a market — a distributed set of brokers, boat crews, and warehousing arrangements held together by mutual profit rather than command. Payment is taken in currency, salvage, and — increasingly since 2018 — favorable transit terms through whichever faction's territory a given shipment must cross.

This neutrality is the network's principal asset and its principal danger to the other three factions: the Reef Group has no reason to want the war to end, and every reason to want it to continue exactly as it has for six years — active enough to require resupply, contained enough that no single faction can seize its transfer points.

MANIFEST — COASTAL TRANSFER NO. 0619-C

ORIGIN: Balavu south cove → DEST: withheld
CARGO: 40× crates, unmarked · small arms & ammunition, mixed calibre
BUYER REF: "second party, usual terms" · PAYMENT: salvage + transit rights
NOTE: *split delivery — half to northern buyer, half to southern. do not let them compare notes at the dock.*

— recovered ledger page, provenance unconfirmed. Handwriting inconsistent with any known TAF or TLA quartermaster.

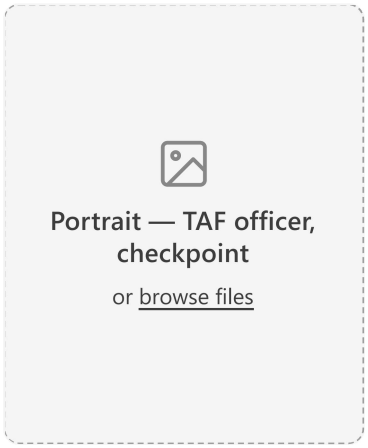
PART FOUR

Four Voices

First-hand accounts collected from participants in the Horizon War, one per faction. Reproduced here as oral testimony, lightly edited for length.

ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT · TAF

The Line



SUBJECT: Major Tomas Andrade Kiro
UNIT: TAF 4th Garrison Brigade, Tuvanaka Containment Line
YEARS OF SERVICE ON THE LINE: 5
RECORDED: Georgetown, 2021

You want to know what five years on a static line does to a man. I'll tell you what it doesn't do — it doesn't make you a soldier in any sense my father would recognize. My father fought a war with a front that moved. Mine has a front that hasn't moved four hundred meters in either direction since the day I arrived.

There is a checkpoint at the southern edge of my sector — sandbags, a boom barrier, a corrugated roof that leaks in the wet season exactly where it leaked when I got here. I know the name of every fisherman who used to work the water past it. I know which of the TLA sentries on the far side smokes and which one doesn't, because I can see him not smoking from four hundred meters with a decent scope. We have never fired at each other. Not once, not in five years. We have an understanding that neither of us discusses with command, because command would not understand it.

Twice a year some staff officer from Georgetown visits and asks what we need to break the deadlock. I have stopped answering honestly. What I need is for someone above my pay grade to decide what this island is actually worth to the country, in a way nobody has been willing to decide since before I was posted here. Until then I hold a line that protects a fuel depot everyone privately agrees we should have shut down years ago, against an army that wants nothing from us but to be left alone on their side of a line we drew for reasons that no longer exist.

I have buried four men from my company. Two to mines on the supply road, one to a fever nobody diagnosed in time, one — and this is the one I think about — to his own hand, in his third year on this exact line, in the exact hut I am sitting in now. None of them died advancing on anything. None of them died defending anything that changed hands as a result. I write that in my reports as plainly as the language allows, and it changes nothing, because there is nothing for it to change. The war is not being lost or won here. It is simply being maintained, the way you maintain a fence line, until somebody with more authority than me decides to stop.

I used to think that was the tragedy of this posting. I have come to think the tragedy is that I've stopped finding it tragic at all. You adjust. That's the part nobody prepares you for — not the fear, not the boredom, but how completely a man can adjust to holding a door shut on a room nobody's trying to get into anymore.

ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT · TLA

The Petition

SUBJECT: Marc Duthil
ROLE: Founding organizer, Belfort Fishing Cooperative; TLA Regional Commander
YEARS WITH MOVEMENT: 7 (since petition committee, 2014)
RECORDED: Belfort, 2021

We collected six thousand signatures on a petition about landing rights. That's the part people forget, or don't want to remember, now that we're an army with a flag and a declared island. Nobody in that cooperative hall in 2014 was talking about independence. We were talking about a stretch of beach four kilometers from a fuel depot that had been fenced off for no reason anyone could explain to us in writing.

I signed my own name to that petition, third from the top, in my own hand, and I want that on the record because people ask me now whether I always intended this — whether the independence declaration was the plan all along and the petition was theater. It

wasn't. We were fishermen and boat owners asking, politely, in writing, through channels the garrison itself had told us to use, for our own coastline back. The answer was silence. Not refusal — refusal I could have organized against. Silence is harder. Silence tells you the request was never going to be read at all.

The night the footage from Lakatoro reached Belfort — and it reached us within two days, passed hand to hand on phones nobody in the garrison thought to confiscate — something in the cooperative hall changed permanently. Not into rage, exactly. Into calculation. If six thousand signatures on a landing-rights petition could be ignored for a year and a half, what, exactly, was left on the table besides force? I remember the vote. It wasn't unanimous, and I remember arguing on the losing side of caution, and losing.

Seven years later I command a regional sector I never trained for, with weapons whose provenance I don't ask about too closely, because asking closely means dealing directly with the Reef Group brokers who supply half our ammunition, and there is a version of that relationship I try not to look at too hard. I still keep a copy of the original petition in my command post. Not as a trophy. As a reminder of what the actual ask was, before it became this.

People ask if independence was worth six years of a line neither side can cross. I tell them the honest thing, which is that I don't think about it as a ledger anymore. We hold this island. My daughter was born on this island in a year when the garrison couldn't reach the clinic to interfere with it. That's not a victory speech. It's just the only fact I have left that I'm certain of.

ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT · FIM

The Bridge

Portrait — FIM cell leader, rural Moddergat

or browse files

SUBJECT: Ilse Bracke
ROLE: Farmer, Harcourt district; FIM cell leader since 2016
PRESENT AT: Harcourt Bridge incident, 3 Dec 2015
RECORDED: Rural Moddergat, 2021 (location withheld)

I was at the bridge because my brother-in-law's truck had broken down on the southern approach and I'd walked out to help him push it clear before the evening ferry traffic. That is the entire reason I was there. I want to say that plainly because there is a version of this story, told by people who weren't there, where I'm a resistance fighter waiting in ambush. I was a woman in a work apron with grease on her hands from a stalled diesel engine.

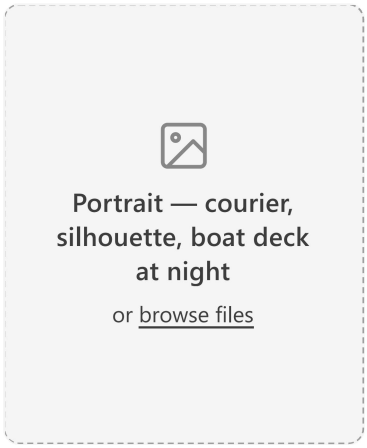
The armor column came around the bend faster than anything that size should move on that road. There was shouting at the checkpoint — I didn't understand most of it, the officer in the lead vehicle wasn't from anywhere near here, his accent was mainland, formal, impatient. Constable Verhoeven tried to wave them to the weighbridge for inspection, standard procedure, nothing unusual. I don't know who fired first. I have heard four accounts since and none of them agree, including two from people who weren't within a hundred meters of it. What I know is that my brother-in-law is dead, and Constable Verhoeven is dead, and neither of them was a combatant in anyone's war until the exact moment they were made into casualties of one.

I did not join anything that week. I went home and I buried my brother-in-law and I kept farming for another four months, because that is what you do, and because I did not think of myself as someone who fights wars. What changed my mind was smaller and slower than the bridge itself — it was watching a garrison patrol requisition half a village's rice stores that following spring "pending security review," the same phrase they'd used about the depot fence in Tuvanaka years before anyone here had heard of Tuvanaka. I understood, watching that, that the bridge hadn't been an isolated accident. It was a preview.

There are eleven of us in this cell now, all from within six kilometers of the bridge. We don't answer to Belfort and we don't answer to Georgetown, and when people ask what we're fighting for, the honest answer disappoints them — we are not fighting for a flag or a declared island. We're fighting so that the next requisition, the next unexplained checkpoint, the next armor column on the wrong road, costs the garrison something it has to think about first. That's a smaller ambition than a war of independence. It is also, I've come to believe, the only ambition that's actually mine.

ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT · REEF GROUP

The Courier



SUBJECT: Identified only by call-sign "Tumu"
ROLE: Cargo broker, Balavu–Katkoula transfer route
AFFILIATION: Reef Group node (no formal rank claimed)
RECORDED: at sea, via intermediary, 2021 — identity withheld at subject's request

You keep asking me who I report to, and I keep telling you the true answer, which annoys your researcher more than a lie would: I don't know, and it has never once mattered to how I do my job. I get a manifest. I get a location and a window. I move the cargo through the window. Somebody pays into an account I check from a phone I replace every few months. That is the entire structure, as far as I have ever needed to see it, and I have been doing this for six years.

People imagine a warehouse somewhere with a man behind a desk. I have never met that man. I'm not sure my handler has met that man. What I have is a route — Balavu to a rendezvous point I won't name, on a schedule that shifts every crossing — and a set of relationships with people on all three sides of this war who need what I carry more than they need to know exactly where it came from. I have sold ammunition to a TAF supply sergeant on a Tuesday and to a TLA regional purchaser on the following Friday, and neither of them asked me a single question about the other, because asking would have meant admitting they needed me.

Your researcher wants me to feel something about that — guilt, maybe, or at least the performance of it for the recording. I'll tell you what I actually feel, which is closer to boredom. This war was not my idea and it will not end because of anything I decide to do or not do. If I stopped moving cargo tomorrow, someone else's boat would take the route within a week. The people who should feel something about how long this has run are the ones who declared islands and drew lines, not the ones who kept the lines supplied once they existed.

What I will say, because it's true and because nobody on any side seems to want to hear it: every one of these factions needs this war to stay exactly the size it is. TAF needs it small enough to ignore in Georgetown. The TLA needs it survivable. The militia needs it deniable. And people like me need it to keep running, at roughly this pace, indefinitely — because a war that ends is a route that closes, and I have nothing else lined up.

ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT · CIVILIAN

The Fire

Portrait — civilian survivor, village elder

or browse files

SUBJECT: Nils Okafor Vete
ROLE: Shopkeeper, unaffiliated with any faction
PRESENT AT: Lakatoro, night of 14 August 2015
RECORDED: Displaced-persons settlement, Tanoa mainland, 2021

I keep telling people I don't have much to say, and they keep asking anyway, so I'll say what I actually remember, which is less than you'd think for the night that supposedly started a war. I was asleep. The noise woke me before the light did. By the time I was at my door the grain store was already burning, and I could not tell you, honestly, if I heard shooting first or the fire first — it's six years ago now and it's not a night I've kept in order.

I never saw a soldier's face. I saw torch beams crossing the road and I heard engines I didn't recognize, and I have read since — in newspapers, in reports, in things people much louder than me have written — exactly how many were killed and who they were and whether it was two or eleven, and I can't tell you which of those is true. I wasn't counting. I was pulling my neighbor's door open because it had jammed shut in its frame and she was still inside.

People want me to have a position on it — was it TAF being cruel, was it a mistake, was there really a weapons cache. I don't know. I ran a shop that sold rope and kerosene and tinned fish. Nobody tells a man like me what the signals intelligence said. What I know is

that my shop is gone, my village is gone, and I have spent six years in a settlement on the mainland being asked to explain a night I mostly experienced as noise and smoke and my own feet on the road.

I don't carry a rifle for anybody. I didn't then and I don't now. I'll tell you the one thing I am sure of, because I've thought about it more than anything else from that night: nobody came back afterward to tell us what had happened, or why, or to help us rebuild. Whatever this war has been about since, it was never about answering that.

PART FIVE

Reference

Faction profiles, a full chronology, and a gazetteer of named locations.

FIELD REFERENCE

Flags of the Horizon War

Tanoa Armed Forces
State authority under siege — shield and star of a garrison that has never publicly conceded the war has an end.

Tuvanaka Liberation Army
The hook of Belfort's fishing cooperative, raised the day a landing-rights petition became a declared island.

Free Islands Militia
No committee approved this design. Cells adopted the crossed blades independently — the closest thing the militia has to a uniform.

Reef Group
Flown nowhere, painted on nothing official — reconstructed from courier tattoos and cargo-crate stencils. No two brokers agree it's real.

Displaced Communities
No army claims this one. Adopted informally at relief tents and settlement gates by residents displaced from Lakatoro and elsewhere.

10. Factions of the Horizon War

REFERENCE PROFILES

Tanoa Armed Forces (TAF)

ROLE: OCCUPIER

TERRITORY: Tanoa mainland, Georgetown, Tuvanaka containment line, Lijnhaven port district

STRENGTH: Estimated 3,000–4,500 (contested; garrison rotation obscures totals)

LEADERSHIP: Regional garrison command, rotating 4–6 month postings

DOCTRINE: Static containment, fixed checkpoints, motorized patrol; conventional small arms and light armor

NOTES: The only faction with a formal chain of command, a state treasury, and a public relations office — and the only one whose command has never publicly acknowledged the war has an end condition.

Tuvanaka Liberation Army (TLA)

ROLE: INVADER

TERRITORY: Tuvanaka Town, Belfort, all of Tuvanaka north of the containment line

STRENGTH: Estimated 600–900 (2015 founding strength under 200)

LEADERSHIP: Regional commanders drawn from the original petition committee

DOCTRINE: Fixed-line defense of Tuvanaka; boat-based resupply and coastal denial

NOTES: The only combatant faction to have formally declared and administered a sovereign territory — a status recognized by no other government.

Free Islands Militia (FIM)

ROLE: REBEL · PLAYABLE

FIM cell, jungle terrain
or browse files

TERRITORY: Rural interior of Moddergat; no fixed capital or held towns
STRENGTH: Unknown — decentralized cell structure defeats any reliable count
LEADERSHIP: Rotating council of cell representatives; no standing command
DOCTRINE: Ambush, sabotage, denial of terrain; village-embedded and civilian-integrated
NOTES: The default player-facing faction of the Antistasi Ultimate scenario — decentralized resistance against a numerically superior occupier.

Reef Group (RG)

ROLE: RIVAL

RG cargo vessel, night crossing
or browse files

TERRITORY: No claimed territory; operates transfer points across Balavu, Katkoula, and open water
STRENGTH: Unknown; assessed as a distributed brokerage network rather than a standing force
LEADERSHIP: None confirmed to exist; possibly none by design
DOCTRINE: Arms and goods brokerage to all combatant factions without preference; avoidance of direct engagement
NOTES: The only faction with a structural interest in the war's continuation rather than its resolution.

Civilian populations across all three contested islands remain, by every count, the largest group affected by the Horizon War and the one least represented in its record — displaced from Lakatoro, restricted by permit regimes on Tuvanaka, and caught, at Harcourt, in the single incident that opened the war's second front. No faction profile in this book should be read as speaking for them.

10.1 · FACTION DEEP DIVE — GEORGETOWN & THE LONG GARRISON

The Tanoa Armed Forces, Closer In

TAF's rank and file are drawn overwhelmingly from eighteen-month national service on the mainland — Nicolet, Saint-Julien, Baka — rather than from the islands the war is fought over. A conscript posted to the Tuvanaka containment line or the Lijnhaven perimeter typically arrives having never set foot on either island, and rotates out before the terrain, the language, or the neighbors stop being strange to him. Officers fare little better: the 4–6 month command rotation documented in Chapter 3 was framed as an anti-corruption measure and functions, in practice, as an anti-accountability one.

Promotion inside the garrison command rewards quiet postings — no incidents, no casualties, no reports that require Georgetown's attention — over honest ones. Major Kiro's testimony in Part Four is not an isolated bitterness; TAF's own internal fitness-report language, portions of which surfaced in a 2020 leak, explicitly scores "sector stability" as a command virtue independent of anything resembling progress. The effect is a chain of command structurally motivated to under-report exactly the fatigue and drift its sector commanders describe most vividly off the record.

The same 2020 leak — budget lines the Ministry of Defence has neither confirmed nor denied — showed the Tuvanaka garrison alone costing more annually than three mainland provinces combined, against a depot whose transshipment revenue has not covered its own security detail since 2017. No parliamentary session in Georgetown has debated the figure publicly. Desertion, meanwhile, trends quietly upward: a small but rising number of conscripts post-2019 have crossed into FIM-held Moddergat interior rather than complete their rotation, an irony TAF command does not include in its recruitment materials.

On the mainland, the war barely registers as a war. Nicolet and Saint-Julien newspapers cover Tuvanaka rotations as personnel-transfer notices, not front-line deployments. Conscripts who return describe the harder adjustment as the second one — not arriving at the line, but leaving it, for a home front that was never asked to notice they'd gone.

10.2 · FACTION DEEP DIVE — THE DECLARED ISLAND

The Tuvanaka Liberation Army, Closer In

Seven years on, the TLA governs as much as it fights. It runs the only functioning clinic on Tuvanaka, a rationing system for fuel and rice pegged to household size, and a school curriculum built from printed textbooks the movement commissions itself — a deliberate answer to a mainland curriculum Tuvanaka's children no longer study. The remaining fishing catch is taxed at the dock to fund the sector, the same coastline whose fencing-off, in 2013, started all of this.

Command remains disproportionately held by the twelve original petition-committee signatories or their direct deputies, a founders' generation now in visible tension with fighters too young to remember pre-war Tuvanaka. A minority faction inside the command staff has quietly floated opening recognition talks with Georgetown; it is, as of this volume's compilation, a minority for a reason — the hardliner position, that recognition was never on offer and asking invites reabsorption, still commands the room.

The TLA Navy, such as it is, consists of repurposed cooperative trawlers and a scattering of scuttled hulls sunk deliberately in the strait as obstruction — Marc Duthil's testimony in Part Four gestures at, without detailing, the Reef Group relationship that keeps the sector armed: payment in fish, salvage, and captured TAF equipment, a barter economy standing in for the banking access no unrecognized state can open.

No foreign passport office recognizes a Tuvanaka travel document. No foreign bank will open an account routed through it. The island functions, and has functioned for seven years, entirely inside a barter-and-broker economy of its own — proof, depending on who in Belfort you ask, either that independence works, or that it has simply never been tested against anything harder than isolation.

Appendix A — Chronology

2008–2021

2008 — Logistics-basing memorandum signed, Georgetown.

2009 — Foreign survey team arrives, Tuvanaka Radio Tower site.

2011 — Fuel depot construction begins, eastern Tuvanaka.

2012 — Memorandum expanded to include security liaison personnel.

2013 — First fixed TAF checkpoint, Tuvanaka Town outskirts.

2013 — Belfort cooperative loses two of three landing points to exclusion zone.

2014 — Belfort petition campaign launched; six thousand signatures claimed.

14 Aug 2015 — TAF night raid on Lakatoro; grain store and two homes burned.

Sept 2015 — Lakatoro footage circulates archipelago-wide.

23 Sept 2015 — Declaration of Tuvanaka independence, Belfort town hall.

Oct 2015 — TAF withdraws to Tuvanaka containment line.

3 Dec 2015 — Harcourt bridge incident; four dead, Moddergat.

Dec 2015 — Free Islands Militia cells form across rural Moddergat.

2016 — TAF garrison reasserts control of Lijnhaven port district.

2017 — Last significant offensive movement on any front (TLA, contested outcome).

2018 — TAF intelligence concedes FIM has no targetable leadership tier.

2019 — Independent inquest into Lakatoro casualties concludes inconclusively.

2019 — Reef Group identified as common supplier across all three combatant factions.

2020 — Disease outbreak in FIM highland camps; casualty figures undisclosed.

2021 — Containment lines unchanged for the fourth consecutive year; this volume compiled.

Appendix B — Gazetteer

NAMED LOCATIONS

Georgetown — Capital of Tanoa and seat of the national government; TAF administrative and garrison hub.

Tuvanaka Town — Larger of Tuvanaka's two towns; administrative seat of the TLA-declared territory.

Belfort — Fishing town on Tuvanaka; birthplace of the 2014 petition campaign and the 2015 independence declaration.

Lijnhaven — Largest town on Moddergat; port and administrative quarter remain under TAF garrison despite FIM control of the surrounding interior.

Lakatoro — Small inland village on Tanoa, evacuated since 2015; site of the raid that triggered the war.

Nicolet — Agricultural town, northern Tanoa; unremarkable but for its position on the mainland's principal north-south road.

Saint-Julien — Market town, central Tanoa; historically the archipelago's secondary trading center after Georgetown.

Baka — Coastal settlement, eastern Tanoa; minor TAF logistics waypoint.

Balavu — Unaligned island southwest of Tanoa; documented Reef Group transfer activity along its southern coast.

Katkoula — Unaligned island southeast of Balavu; sparse population, no garrison of record.

Sosovu — Small village, Balavu; agricultural, no recorded factional presence.

Harcourt Bridge — River crossing on Moddergat's southern approach to Lijnhaven; site of the 3 December 2015 incident.